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THE TIMES,

For A. D. 1769,

CORRECTED AND ENLARGED:

And now reprinted for A. D. 1771.

LONDON,
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in PALL-MALL.
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BREATHING ſedition, a raſh fiery band
Of all th' unſettled humours of the land

With brazen front rebellious gives the law,
And freeborn Riot bids the King withdraw.

Patient that King and juſt, of upright mind
And almoſt to a fault humane and kind:

Who cheriſhes what tyrants make their ſpoil,
The darling freedom of his native ſoil:

Whoſe cares paternal on her follies wait,
Who dreads, in her extravagance, her fate:

Who, great and good, to ſoften, heal, and ſave,
Submits, and is himſelf her willing ſlave;

The ſlave of brutal lawleſs Liberty,
And for her ſake alone will not be free:

Yet ſees his country, by her wild debates,
The jeſt of nations, and the ſcorn of ſtates.

While envied bleſſings of unmeaſur'd price
Are ſtak'd by fools, like trifling ſums at dice:

Too deep the play, where each way Ruin gapes;
Where, win who may, the public ne'er eſcapes.

They'd carve their way through blood to what they ſeek,
And change their plan and doctrine once a week.

The proud inferior firſt, bold faction's tool,
The bane of order, decency, and rule;

The peſt of all free ſtates: he bows to none,
Preeminence the gift of Heav'n alone.

" Down with all titles! down with lords!" he cries:
" Be no diſtinctions left but good and wiſe!"

Himſelf a ſage, if you'll but take his word,
And good as wiſe, yet ſomehow not a Lord.

A Lord! he ſcorns the thought, he treads on Kings;
And ſoars above all courts, on patriot wings:

He ſcans the whole, no part to him's unknown,
Maſter of all men's buſineſs but his own:

He loves his country: yet, oh ſtrange to tell!
No friend he has dare love it half ſo well.

To ſave his country, tortures he'd endure;
Fearleſs where ſafe, heroick where ſecure;

And real Liberty (that word of ſtrife)
Glares through each daring action of his life.

But ſee him where he thinks he is not ſeen,
Within the precincts of his own demeſne;

The petty tyrant of a helpleſs few,
Claiming all earthly homage as his due;

There equal juſtice is but little known,
And Liberty, alas! confin'd to one:

The trembling wife, the child, th' indentur'd clerk,
Bear witneſs that the Brute can ſet his mark.

Fain would he think he feels the ſame controul;
And government too mild diſtracts his ſoul,

That leaves him to the ſenſe of juſter times,
And his own curſes, to reward his crimes.

The various characters that form the whole,
Are hardly worth the trouble of a poll;

Yet ſome ſhall ſerve to mark the bigger claſs,
From whence derives the vile corrupted maſs.

Who pines for fame with ſpecious parts elate,
Dreams of each rogue that did ſubvert a ſtate.

The mobled patriot idol of a day
Barters his truth and ſoul for one huzza.

The private vicemonger, by public zeal,
Draws a veil o'er his crimes and ſins at will.

The deſperate, whoſe ebbing caſh runs low,
By gen'ral rapine truſts to ſee it flow.

Caſt ſtateſmen in ſucceſſion fill the cry,
And give themſelves and all they did the lie.

Thus Pride, Revenge, Vice, Vanity, Diſtreſs,
Are leagued to ruin one who ſeeks to bleſs:

Thus contraries and oppoſites combine,
And men whom no good cauſe could ever join:

Thus Anarchy to Government pretends,
And Freedom's paraſites are deem'd her friends;

Such friends as brought proud Athens to the ground,
As Rome once nurs'd, and England now has found.

The fruitful bough that breaks beneath it's weight;
The crouded ſail that ſinks the golden freight;

The blood too rich that burſts the turgid vein,
The high-ſwoln ſtream that drowns the fertile plain:

To theſe fair pictures Freedom may reſort,
To view her wanton, ſenſeleſs, cruel ſport;

Emblems of all that's wild, or weak, or bad;
True portraits of Proſperity run mad.

Oh

Oh Liberty, the luſt thy charms inſpire
Endangers thee, and ſets the world on fire.

Chaſte Liberty may God protect and bleſs;
And damn the proſtitute that apes her dreſs!

T I M E S.